

A Congratulatory

P O E M

ON HIS

MAJESTY's

Happy Return

FROM

HOLLAND.

Written by Mr. BROWNE.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Thomas Jones*, at the *White Horse* without
Temple-Bar. MDCXCI.

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POEM

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To the Honourable

Sir Thomas Alven, K^t & Bar.

Right Honour'd Sir, vouchsafe to cast your Eye
On this Essay of Heroick Poësie,
Which for unmerited Favours, as 'tis meet,
I Humbly prostrate at your Worthy Feet;
Beseeching that it may so happy be
To share a Blessing in your Courtesie,
And be protected by your Loyal Name
From all the Blasts that may it else Defame:
Pray entertain it, for (Dear Sir) it sings
The very best of War-like Valiant Kings;
That Monarch, Sir, by you so greatly lov'd,
Even HE, that Heaven kind for us approv'd:
'Tis HE, I say, whom You so much adore,
And long have Pray'd to see Return once more
Happy and Safe to England's Happy Shoar.

Now, Sir, HE's come, my Muse his Welcom sings,
And in your Ears his Matchless Praises rings:
The which (Good Sir) when you vouchsafe to read,
Charity's Mantle o're my Failings spread;
My Eyes oft dazled with Excess of Light,
My Muse but dull, and narrower my Sight:
I might have left this weighty Task to them
Whose nobler Thoughts direct a loftier Pen;
But yet, I hope, I am to be excus'd,
Because 'twas Love and Zeal acted my Muse.

I write, but 'tis, alas, with trembling Hand,
The Praise of him that Rules blest Albion's Land,
And sing his Welcom to his wish'd for Strand:
'Tis Wholsom Food, tho' 'tis but homely drest,
Yet something here, I hope, may please each Guest.

High

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*High are my Strains, my Buskin'd Mistress sings,
The very best of Men, the best of Kings,
In Verse Heroick tells his Heroick Deeds,
Whose Worth all Commentary still exceeds.
Nor can a Muse, Imp't with the Noblest Wing,
Sound half the Praise of William our Great King:
So high is Virtue, in her Native Glory,
Advanc'd in Him, above the Reach of Story;
Bright as the brightest Star that ere did flame,
A shining Monument to Cæsar's Name,
A Prince in Fame's great Catalogue more bright
Than all the Sons of Honour ere could light,
A Prince in Prudence, and in Arms more Great
Than ever yet ruled in Albion's State;
Who lesser Sparks of Honour does out-flame,
And swallows all their Titles in his Name:
HE far exceeds the Trophies of the Pen,
A Prince above the Characters of Men,
Wise as the wisest, as the boldest bold,
In Dangers, only, and Success grown old.
On whom no Barb'rous Enemy can confer
Less than an High Immortal Character.*

*Sir, here I must abruptly take my Leave,
Because the Printer tells me he shall have
More than he can conveniently dispose
Within his Page; he bids me therefore close.*

*And so I will, Praying, Right Worthy Sir,
That God may still his Blessings on you pour;
Your Lady long preserve, you Heirs with Blessing crown,
And give you lasting Joys, when you this Life lay down.*

*This comes (Good Sir) from the unworthy Hand
Of him, whose, your very Humble Servant, at Command,*

BROWNE.

Congratulatory Poem, &c.

Rouse, rouse, my Muse, and drein the from thy dregs
Of Vulgar Thoughts, skrew up thy highest
(Pegs,

Contemn the World, soar, soar aloft, and let
Thy Thoughts Despise to take a vulgar Flight;
Imp, imp thy Wings with Zeal, thy Strains with Fire,
Let nothing sway thee, but most pure Desire;
Snatch thee a Quill from the spread Eagle's Wing,
And like the towering Lark, mount up and sing,
To welcom home WILLIAM our Sovereign King.

Tune thy sublime Theorboe four Notes higher;
And higher yet; so that the shril-mouth'd Quire
Of swift-wing'd Seraphims, come down and joyn,
To make thy Confort more than half Divine;
Strein higher still, what if I crack a String
In venturing nobly higher for to Sing?
Reach Heavens, *Ela* then, and undecline
Till with a deep-mouth'd Gam-ut sound again
From Pole to Pole, it will not reach his Worth;
Nor find a Note to set his Praises forth.

Hail, hail Great Monarch, of Renowned Fame,
We'll wreath the Lawrels, celebrate thy Name,

In Songs transcending we'll rehearse thy Story.
 Let Heavens also crown thy Brows with everlasting Glory.
 Shall *Dutchmen*, when of thy Approach they hear,
Triumphal Arches for thy Welcom rear?
 Shall their loud *Cannons* eccho forth thy Fame?
 And shall their *Fire-works* likewise the same?
 Shall they with *Voices*, *Hearts* and all agree
 To spread thy Praise; and eke to honour thee?
 And shall not *Englishmen* for Shame arise?
 Come, *Country-men*, let's eccho through the Skyes
 The lasting Worth of *William*, our great *King*:
 And make his Glorious Acts through *Europe* ring:

A Pyramid of Gold then let us rear,
 And on it 'grave, in Characters most fair,
 The worthy Deeds of our *Third William's Name*,
 That after time it lively may remain
 To his *Eternal*, *Matchless*, *worthy Fame*,
 So following Ages, and Generations all
 Shall justly Thee poor *England's Saviour* call;
 When they shall read, (*Great Sir*) how that you gave
 Your Worthy Self three Nations for to save,
 Thought nought too dear, so that you might obtain
 For us, our Dear-bought *Liberties* again;
 And free us from the Yoke of *Slavery*;
 And likewise from *Curs'd Popish Tyranny*.
 When this is told, O who'll not love a King!
 So Great; so Good, so Just in every thing?
 By many *Wonders* YOU were hither brought;
 Which strangely too by their Concurrence wrought

Our whole *Redemption* in so short.a Space,
As did the Slothe of Human Aids Disgrace:
Those who do hold Success the Cast of Chance,
And *Providence* the Dream of Ignorance,
Might in those *Miracles* Design discern,
And from wild *Fortune's* Looks *Religion* learn.

Tell us no more of *Julius Caesar's* Fame,
Who, when he only look'd, he overcame:
Nor yet of *Alexander's* great Renown;
Nor *Hector's* Glory, blaz'd from Town to Town;
Pompey avaunt, thy trifling Glories glance;
To our Great *VWilliam's*, they're but Ignorance:
And *Scanderbeg*, that Great Renowned Man,
Who from so many Wars Victorious came,
Must *Phæbus* like, when *Sol* does shew his Face,
Resign his Glory, 'tis *Bright VWilliam's* Place:
No, 'tis not these can bear away the Bell,
For still our *Conquering VWilliam* doth excel;
Victorious still he grows, prevail he shall,
Until his Foes become Poor Quakers all.

Hail, once again, (*Great Sir*) and let the *Hail*
Through *England*, *Scotland*, *Ireland* prevail.
I can't forbear, nor can I hold my Hand,
My Pen will still persue my Wills Command;
Then blame me not (*Great Sir*) I must Repeat,
The *Loyalty* I bear to you the Great,
Victorious William, my *Dear Sovereign Lord*,
Nought can I think enough to spread abroad,
Your *VVorth* and *Virtue*, which so much excel,
All which Rehears'd would many Volumns fill.

The

The Time alas would Fail if I should speak,
Of all thy *Virtues* and thy *Glories* great,
But some (*Illustrious Sir*) I must Repeat.

Clap Hands, rejoyce O happy *British* Clime,
Thrice happy if thou didst but know thy Time,
Wherein thou'rt blest with Blessings from above,
A God of War a Queen made up of Love;
A King so *Virtuous*, *Wise*, so Good and *Just*,
A King so *Pious*, *Great* and *Valorous*;
And eke a Queen, compos'd of *Grace* and *Love*,
Wise as a *Serpent*, *harmless* as a *Dove*;
So *Loving* *Lowly*, of a Soul so *Great*,
That whoso Loves her not, deserves the greatest Hate.

Thou'rt Blest, indeed thou'rt Blest, hadst thou a Heart
But to improve these Blessings yond Desert.

Religious Freedom now we all enjoy,
We live secure, and nought does us annoy;
Under our Vines most safely sit we may,
And no *Distractions* more shall us dismay;
No more shall *Frantick Zeal* our Peace disturb,
Nor *Papish Thraldom* more, our Conscience curb;
Within our Temples, *Hymns* and *Anthems* Ring
Of thanks to God, and praises to our King;
Our happy *Roses*, and our *Thistles* blow,
Our Fields with *Milk* and *Hony* overflow.

As yet we hear no *Drums* and *Trumpets* sound,
Nor *Carkasses* of Dead, or e-spread the Ground;
From which God save our happy *English Land*,
And strengthen much the *Man of his Right Hand*;
And Lord preserve in perfect Union still,
The little World of this our *Albion Isle*. Inlarge

Inlarge his Life who doth inlarge our Peace,
 And let his Glory with his Life increafe;
 That being mounted on the Wings of Fame,
 This Age may see his Worth, the next admire his Name.
 And whilst we thus our weighty Work perſue,
 Let's once more pay our Hails, Great Sir, to You.
 Hail mighty Monarch of the Warlike Race,
 Whose nimble Conqueſts Time wants Speed to Trace.
 Behold our Angel comes, by whose bright Ray
 Darkneſs is fled, and Light ſalutes the Day;
 Welcome, thrice Welcome, to the old Whitehall;
 Thy Gracious Preſence make us happy all.
 As the Sun's heat replenisheth the Earth,
 Purges the Blood, and gives to Seasons Birth;
 So your Bleſt Ray diffuſ'd within our Sphere,
 Gives vital Warmth to ev'ry Creature there,
 To Providence and Thee we ſtill ſhall raiſe
 Altars for Thanks, and Pyramids for Praise.
 The Church ſhall Triumph, and the State Rejoyce,
 And ſing Te Deums with united Voice.
 So ſhall you be Belov'd by Wholes, not Parts,
 And ever live the Regent King of Hearts.
 O that my Low-bred Strains were yet rais'd Higher,
 That I might ſtill bright William's Worth admire.
 Reach then a ſoaring Quill that I might write,
 As with a Jacob's Staff to take the height.
 Now come aloſt, come, come, and breath a Vein,
 And give ſome vent unto thy daring Strain;
 Come Mars, Minerva, ay and Juno too,
 Mount, Mount, Parnaffus, William's Praise perſue.

The chiefeſt Gods in their beſt Royal State,
 Thy matchleſs Praises now do celebrate;
 Jove that ſhakes Heaven with his angry Brows,
 Preſents thee *Harmony*, to be thy Spouſe;
 Whoſe Father ſanct, is *Mars* the God of War,
 Whoſe Mother bright, is *Venus* Morning Star;
Minerva too preſents her Golden Chain,
 And lovely *Ceres* will make thee Rich in Grain;
 Jove's mighty Daughters with their Beadleſs King
 From famous *Helicon* their Muſick bring;
 Each one with Flowers and Lawrels rarely Crown'd,
 Whilſt *Aroa*'s pleaſant Harp doth ſweetly ſound.
 Thus, Thus, the Gods in all their beſt Array,
 With Songs and Dances Crown this happy Day:
 'Tis *William's* Praise, 'tis *William's* Praise alone,
 That's thus by all that's Good and Great made known;
 Metals may Blazen Common Beauties, he
 Makes Pearl and Planets humble Herauldry;
 But whether am I ſied? a Poets Song,
 When Love directs, his Praise, is ever long.

Awake, 'tis ſhame, our Lyons Dormant lye,
 And all our Spirits in a Lethargy.
 Rouse Country men, take hold of Shield and Spear,
 Make *William's* Foes Tremble and Quake for fear.
 Let's make thoſe Monſters that Invade our Land,
 Throw down their Arms, and turn their trembling Hand,
 Gainſt thoſe that Diſobey our King's Command.
 We'll ranſack *Europe*, find out *England's* Foes,
 And ſuch as dare our Sovereign Lord Oppoſe:

Let's find those *Hell-bounds* that so much annoy,
And seek our Native Land for to destroy :

And eke those *Vultures*, that corrode the heart
Of their own *Mother*, make her sorely smart ;

That watch a Season, for to give her up

For to be *Butcher'd*, by a *Damned Pope*;

Or else to humble her to *Lewis* fell,

That *Cursed Monster* who rose up from *Hell*,

To be a *Plague*, and *Scourge* to *Christendom* :

To this most *Christian Turk*, they'd fain become

Vassals; and likewise *Slaves* to *Hell* and *Rome*. }

Let's find, let's find, I say those *Traytors* out,

And let them to *Condign Shame* be brought :

That thus the *King* despise, and do adore,

The *Filthy Carcass* of a *Rotten Whore*.

Look up, you Sons of mighty *Ancestors* !

Who never bounded were by their own *Shores* :

Your *Fighting Fathers* were abroad renown'd,

Their *Kings* in *France*, and distant *Jerry* Crown'd.

Now give me *Vine* ! and let my *Fury* rise,

That what my ravisht *Soul's* *Immortal Eyes*

With Joy and Wonder saw, I may Rehearse,

To curious Ears in high *Immortal Verse*.

Forgive (*Great Sir*) that this *Aspiring Flame*,
(First kindled as a *Light* to shew thy *Fame*)

Consumes so fast, and is mis-pent too long,

E're my Chief *Vision* is become my *Song*.

Thy Self I saw quite tir'd with *Victory*,

As weary grown to Kill, as they to Die :

Whilst

Whilst some at last, thy Mercy did enjoy,
 'Cause 'twas less pains to Pardon, than destroy;
 And thy Compassion did thy Army please,
 In meer Belief, it gave thy Valour ease.

Lo! in a Calm began thy Regal Sway,
 Which with most Chearful Hearts all do obey;
 As if no Law were juster than thy Word,
 Thy Scepter still were safe, without a Sword,
 And let Chronologers pronounce thy Style,
 The first True Monarch of the Golden Isle:
 An Isle so seated for Predominance
 And Naval Strength, it's Power can so advance,
 That it may Tribute take, of what the East,
 Shall ever send in Traffick to the West.

Advance Great Sir, still let your Fame be spread,
 As far as where the Morning Clouds look red:
 Go on, go on, let lofty Lewis feel,
 The mighty Force of thy revenging Steel,
 Make, make, his Flowers fade and Courage reel;
 Nay reel he must at last, and tumble down,
 France is thy Right, he shall resign his Crown
 To you (Illustrious Sir) you shall enjoy your own.

'Tis not the Tide of many reeling Years,
 Can wash the Fields of Gofsey and Poitiers;
 A conscious Horror strikes their Bosoms still,
 When they survey that famous fatal Hill,
 Where our third Edward's Host Spectators stood,
 Wading to Honour above the Knees in Blood,
 And left the Prince to make the Conquest good.

O what

Where will they sculk when they the Banners view
Of a *Third Edward*, and a *VWilliam* too?
O what can't *England* do if she awake!
Give Laws to *Europe*, and make *Empires* shake;
Keep Mistress of the undisputed Main,
And hold the Ballance just 'twixt *France* and *Spain*;
And once more make her useles Cannons roar,
Thro' both the *Indies*, and bring back their Oar;
Search out new Worlds, and conquer old ones too,
Bomb *Mexico* and subjugate *Peru*.

Beard the Proud *Sopby* and the Grand *Mogul*,
These are the Rays would make thy Glories full.
What tho' the Spaniards have surrendred *Mons*,
And left it unto the *Tyrant* of *France*,
'Twas 'cause they wanted Thee for their Defence.
For doubtless had you but near them advanc'd,
You'd made them all toth' Tune of *Teague* to dance,
And back again in hast return to *France*.
But this will no ways stain thy Matchless Glory,
Thy Name shall still be Crown'd in *English Story*;
For we're Resolv'd (Great Sir) to reunite,
And with our *Lives* and *Fortunes* pay their spite.

Come, come, you Foolish *Jacobinish* Crew,
Lay by your Malice, lest there worse ensue!
Oh! never Plot against your Prince and State,
Lest Vengeance fell repay it on your Pate;
No never think that God will suffer such,
His Dear ANOYNTED ever for to touch:
Leave off, leave off, your *Dagon* cannot stand,
Whilst the Blest *ARK* remains within our Land;

Joyn, joyn with us, for God is on our side,
 Even so shall Blessings still to you betide,
 Yet know proud Foes, if you do this disdain,
 We will e're long your Pride and Glory stain,
 For we're Resolv'd to advance *Great Williams Fame*.

Sure Heaven has thee design'd to wound the *Whore*,
 To tear her Flesh, and lay her in her Gore;
 To ruin *Rome*, the *Pope* to undermine,
 And work his fatal Downfall in due time.

Jehovah Spirit Thee for thy Great Work,
 Make Thee a Terror unto *Pope* and *Turk*,
 So by you then shall *Tyrants* be undone,
 And all the force of *Hell* and *Rome* be thrown.
 When God appointed Kings with his own Voice,
 And joyful People blest him for the Choice;
 Then Kingly Virtues set the Monarch forth,
 And not Succession Crown'd him, but his Worth.
 Such is thy fate blest *Ile*, and may'st thou be,
 A Blessing to thy King as He's to Thee.
 Thou never wert so happy yet till now,
 Blest with a King, before whose Feet shall bow
 All those that hate Thee, and the Truths of God,
 If they'll not kiss the Son, shall feel the Rod.

Too boldly (*Angels Monarch*) am I gone,
 Thro' all your Guards, to gaze about your Throne;
 Yet 'tis the use of *Gleamess* to excuse,
 The daring Progress of the *Sacred Muse*:
 She taught the *Lover*, *Love*; the *Warrior*, *War*;
 And is the Guide when Honour would go far.

Heroick

Heroick Prince, may still thy Acts and Name,
Become the Wonder, and Discourse of Fame;
May every Laurel, ev'ry Mirtle Bough
Be stript, for VVreaths t'adorn, and load thy Brow;
Triumpham VVreaths, which 'cause they never fade,
Wife elder times, for Kings and Poets made;

Let me deserve a little sprig of Bay,
To wear Great Sir, on your blest Holy-day.

Stay, speak (O Fame!) what Triumph thou wouldst
In all thy boasted Flights, thou scarce hast found (sound;
One Theam like mine: Ascend and strait disperse,
(As far as ever thou wert led by Verse,
Or Light e're flew) my Sou'reigns full Renown,
Then rest thy VVings, and lay thy Trumpet down.

Now Thanks to Heaven, that did our King Protect,
And him in all his Councils did Direct;
Gave Laws to VVinds, and made the Seas obey,
And safely home our Sovereign Lord Convey:
Thanks to those Barks, that brought his Person o're,
From the fair Belgick, to the British Shoar,
Let Heavens Prosper them with Blessings store.

May Heavens still Protect your Majesty,
And Crown you with Success, by Land and Sea;
And after Death with Immortality.

F I N I S.

A Catalogue of Books, Printed for, and sold by T. Jones,
at the *White Horse*, without *Temple-Bar*.

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Thanks to the Author, that the original Person of
From the said Author, to the British Museum.
Let His Majesty's Professor then with all things from
His Majesty's Professor, for the said
And I have you in the same, by I and my Son
And the said Person is in the same.

1712